

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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Contact Information

City of Vancouver Archives
1150 Chestnut Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6J 3J9
604.736.8561
archives@vancouver.ca
vancouver.ca/archives



Sea Air - - - By ELLEN STEVENSON

A Story About a Pioneer Teen-Age Girl

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TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1934

[T was a bright morning in August of 1890. The sun beat down on the parched land, and the flies buzzed incessantly. Every passing wagon and buggy raised clouds of yellow dust. Annie was thankful when she reached the edge of the little city of New Westminster and could plunge into the delicious coolness of the forest through which ran the road to Gastown, or rather Vancouver, to give it its recently-acquired official name.

She was feeling light-hearted this morning. Perhaps it was the reaction from the worry of the past week. Her mother, who had been ill for some time, suddenly took a turn for the worse. The doctor had looked very grave when he told Annie that she would have to be moved from their home on the banks of the Fraser River out to the sea-coast.

"She must have fresh, clean air, and it must be soon. This heat and dust is killing her," was his verdict.

Annie could still remember that queer, sinking feeling she had felt inside her when she heard this. So far, this thirteen-year-old pioneer girl had managed to look after her family since her hard-working mother had fallen ill, but to do more than just that seemed quite impossible. The sea-coast was fourteen miles away through the forest. Business was booming in Vancouver, the coast town, and it was practically impossible to get a house. Builders could not keep up with the demand. How could she get shelter for her mother and younger brother and sister? How could they live once there? Their savings were getting low.

For a few days the future seemed very black, but Annie was used to overcoming difficulties and, after the first moments of despair, she went resolutely to work to solve her problem. Obviously, the first thing to do was to get a house. To get one in the town was impossible, but diligent questioning brought to light the fact that a family by the name of Simpson owned a logger's hut on English Bay, and would be glad to have it occupied to keep their title to the land.

Annie was now on her way to look over this building and see what could be done with it. Rising very early, she had arranged for a neighbor to look after her mother and the younger children while she trudged the long road to English Bay, which was south across the peninsula from Vancouver. Owing to the danger from wild animals and the impossibility of crossing the marshy ground by False Creek, she had to take the long road, which went first north-west to Vancouver and then south-west to the beach at English Bay.

It was a delightful hike. After she had passed a desolate stretch that had been burned a few years before, the tall cedars and maples interlocked their branches so tightly above the road that in many places she could hardly see the blue of the sky. A few robins chirped cheerily in the trees, and overhead sounded the harsh squawk of the sea-gulls. Once a startled doe with its speckled fawn paused to look at her before it darted gracefully away. She stopped when she began to feel tired and, resting on one of the rocks around which the road curled, refreshed herself by eating the salmon-berries and the huckleberries which grew wild there. How she wished she had some one with her to talk about the interesting things along the way!

As she neared Vancouver, she could hear the clop, clop, clop of the logger's axe. Already they had made considerable inroads into this vast forest. It seemed almost wicked to cut down those beautiful big trees. Suddenly she heard the sound of wheels ahead, and a lumbering wagon came into view around a bend in the road. The road was so narrow she had to plunge into the bushes at the side to let it pass. If only it had been going towards Vancouver! She might have got a ride the rest of the way.

The driver saluted her respectfully as he passed. She smiled back and dropped a slight curtsy. As she climbed back on the road, she looked ruefully at her skirt and shoes. They were white with dust!

"It is well that I wore my oldest clothes," she said to herself, trying to brush the worst of the dust away. "Although I did want to have them on and look nice when I was going through Vancouver!"

She wished she had time to stop in the town to visit some of the girls she knew there, and perhaps look at the pretty things at Hastings Mill Store, but it was nearly noon, and she had quite a long way to go yet. So, with shining eyes taking in all the exciting things going on as she passed, she walked sedately through the town along the

board sidewalks that stood on stilts above the marshy ground.

Once past the Hotel Vancouver, the trail ran through the section that had been burned a few years previously, when fire had destroyed the whole town. Already nature was covering the black waste, and fireweed, salmonberries, huckleberries and other bushes crowded around the blackened stumps. Here and there a tall, gaunt trunk outlined its white arms against the sky, but most of the district was green. There was no shade, however, and the sun was pitilessly hot. It was a relief to reach the standing timber again.

It was past noon when Annie arrived at Simpson's shack. Walking past the building, she went out on the short stretch of sandy beach, which was overshadowed by maple trees and edged with beds of kelp. What a pretty view! The blue waters of the bay and the green trees of Kitsilano Indian Reserve were before her. To her right was the mystery that is Stanley Park, and, beyond, on the horizon, the blue mountains of the Gulf Islands. She breathed deeply of the salt sea air. Surely that would help her mother.

She was very hungry by this time, but she was too impatient to survey her future home to stop to eat just yet. The shack had five small, box-like rooms. Everything was rather neglected, but that could be easily fixed. As she went from room to room she planned the placing of their meagre furniture. This room overlooking the beach would be her mother's. She would get the sun all day and the breeze off the water. The back room, with the door to the outside, would be the best for the kitchen. What would they do for a stove?

She pushed back her hair from her forehead and wrinkled her brow in thought. They couldn't afford to buy one and have it brought away out there. As she walked over to the door, her eyes fell on a flat rock near by. Would that do? Why not? She had often watched the Indians cook on big stones. She felt sure that she could do it as well as they did. There was a hollow in it already. So, tired though she was, Annie planned for the future.

It was late when she reached home that night. The kindly neighbor had put the children to bed, but her mother was anxiously listening for her return.

"You are late, my child. Are you all right?"

Annie turned up the wick in the coal-oil lamp to stop it smoking, and smiled down at the white-faced woman on the bed.

"I am very tired, mother, but everything is arranged. We are moving out next week to Simpson's shack on English Bay. You will get better there, mother, dearest. Your window faces south over the beach, and it all smells so clean and fresh."

Her mother moved wearily among the blankets.

"I hope it does all you expect, Annie."

"It's so hard for you when I have to lie here so much."

The girl bent swiftly over her mother.

"Don't worry about me, mother," she whispered. "All we want is for you to get well. We'll be all right."

The next week was a very busy one. She had to make many arrangements for the transfer of her family and their household goods to their new home. With the help of friendly neighbors, however, they were ready at last, and one fine morning saw them finally on their way. Her mother and the younger children rode, while Annie trudged sturdily behind the wagon that carried their furniture and baggage.

MARCH 17, 1934

They reached the beach just before sunset. The children were wild with delight at the beach and the forest, but her mother was too sick and weary to pay much attention to her surroundings. Beds were hastily put up, and the sick woman was settled first of all. She fell asleep almost immediately, leaving Annie free to do what was necessary that night.

It was late when she finished. Her mother and the children were sleeping soundly. Much of the furniture was temporarily in place. She felt too tired to do any more. Leaving one lone candle lit, she crept outside quietly and sat on a big rock to watch the reflection of the moon on the water and dream about the future. What plans she had! She wondered a little wistfully if her dreams would ever come true. She was so sleepy she could hardly keep her eyes open. She caught herself dozing off several times, but it was too pretty outside and so restful with the night wind whispering through the trees, she hated to go in and get into bed.

The next few days Annie spent in scrubbing the shack thoroughly and arranging their belongings. The big stone outside proved an excellent place for cooking, so she gave up all idea of bringing in a stove from Vancouver.

Once they were settled, she began to consider the future. She was worried about the coming winter, and cast about for some means of making a little extra money. It would probably be easy for her to get work in home.

English Bay beach was already well known in the district, and quite a few people came there to bathe. Annie, while watching some bathers there one day, suddenly saw a chance to make some money. If the people had a bathhouse where they could change their clothes, probably many more would come!

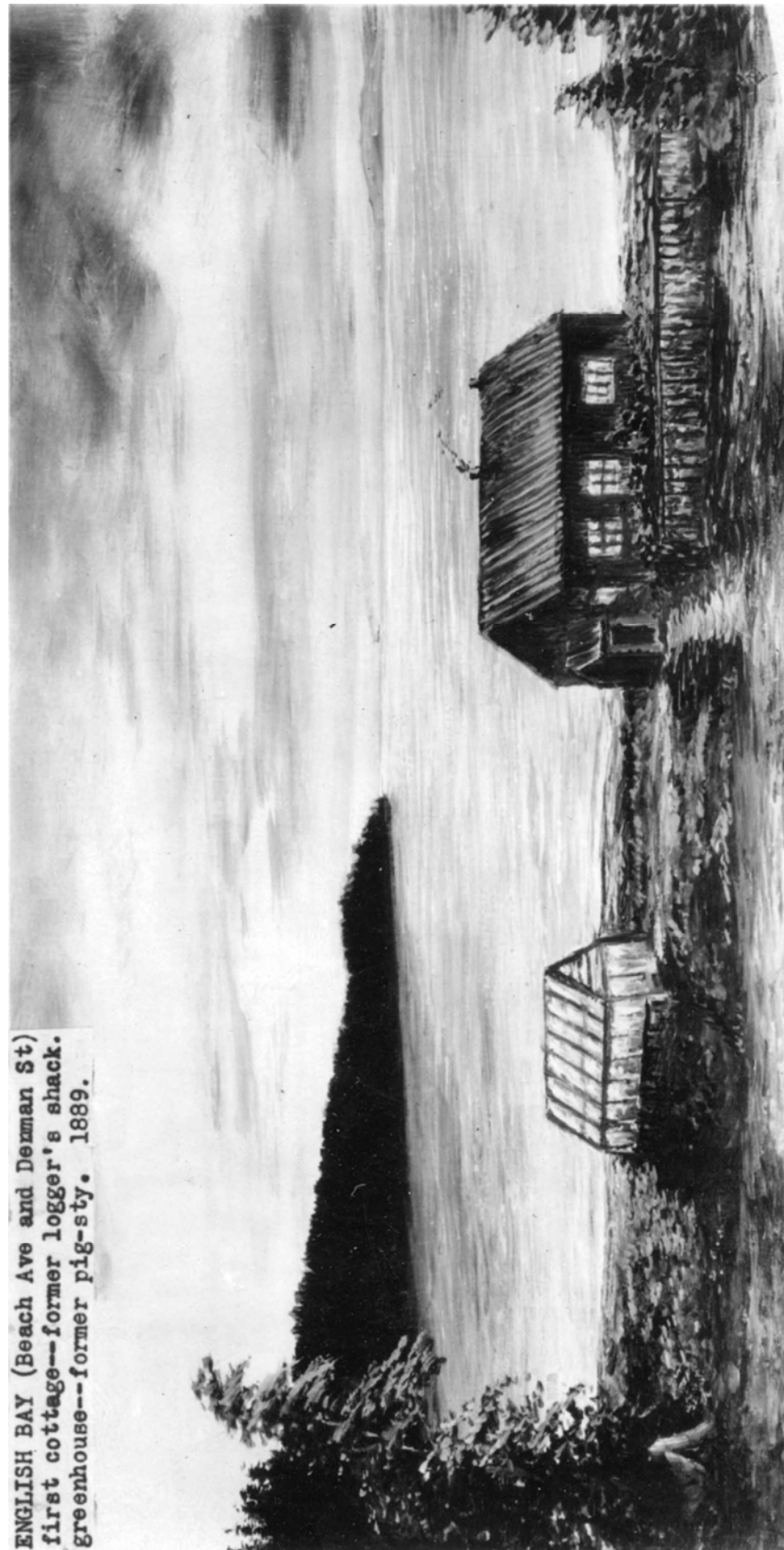
From slabs and driftwood that was scattered along the shore, she built a small shelter. It was roughly done, for she had few tools, but it was sufficient for the purpose. She rented it at five cents a person, with a maximum charge of ten cents for a family. The bathers, glad of an opportunity to help some one out while serving their own convenience, used it a great deal, and the beach became quite popular.

Big Joe Fortes, a colored man who worked at one of the hotels in Vancouver, spent most of his spare time at the beach, appointing himself life-guard and keeper of the peace. He made a big rock near the water's edge the dividing line between the men and the women, as there was no mixed bathing in those days, and enforced his ruling. He greatly admired the brave youngster who was trying so hard to take care of her family, and by doing many small jobs for her, helped to make her burden easier.

With the complete change, her mother's health improved considerably, and for a while it seemed as though she would get well and strong again. But they had waited too long to move, and late one winter night she died, leaving Annie in sole charge of the two younger children. For a while Annie was stunned with grief, but gradually her plucky nature asserted itself, and she squared her small shoulders to meet this new burden.

They lived in the shack at English Bay for two years more, before moving into Vancouver where, a few years later, Annie married. She is still living in Vancouver, and her beach is a beautiful place that is thronged every summer with tourists from all over the world, as well as the residents of the city she watched grow from a boom town to the third largest city in Canada.

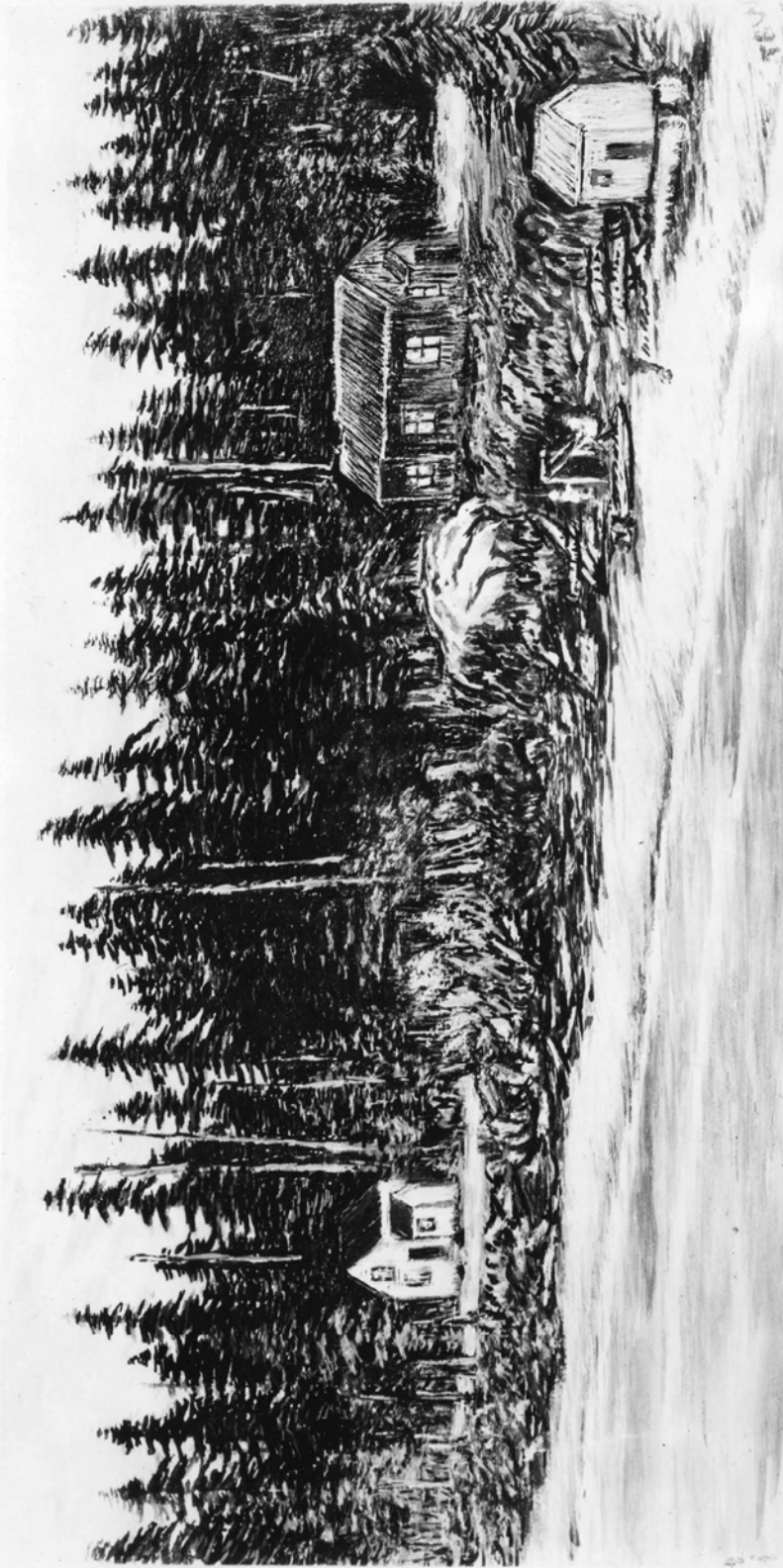
Item # EarlyVan_v2_112



ENGLISH BAY (Beach Ave and Derman St)
first cottage--former logger's shack.
greenhouse--former pig-sty. 1889.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_113

English Bay. Beach Ave. at Derman St. 1890



ENGLISH BAY, 1890. L to R: First house, Beach Av, famous big stone, swing, former logger's shack, Derman st. first bathhouse, built by girl.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_114

English Bay



Item # EarlyVan_v2_115

ENGLISH BAY BATHING BEACH. CAPT. AND MRS. PERCY NYE. OLD JOE FORTES. FIRST BATHING PAVILION, ETC.

Mrs. Percy Nye, 18 February 1932, proof corrected and returned by her 5 April 1932.

"As I first saw it in 1890, English Bay Beach was just 'another beach' with a small clearing behind on a forest shore. The two oil paintings which we have, and which you have had photographed, very truly represent it as it was. The paintings were made from two Christmas cards, painted *from memory* by my father, Mr. W.T. Mackay, and sent to me by him from Ireland."

Note: Capt. and Mrs. Nye and their sons now own and operate a garage at the corner of Cambie Street and 5th Avenue West.

Mrs. Nye continued: "The cottage, or rough shack, because that was what it really was, had once been the abode of the loggers who logged off the West End in earlier days, and from whom the Simpsons of English Bay had bought it for fifty dollars. It stood on high ground between the sandy shore and what is now known as Beach Avenue, then but a narrow dirt trail, a buggy's width wide, overgrown on both sides with salmonberry bushes which brushed the buggy wheels as you drove along; terribly dusty in summer and terribly muddy in winter. It stood just a few feet to the west of the present Denman Street, and a sloping path, just a deer trail, ran down the bank to the beach in almost the identical location of the present descent between the two concrete bathhouses.

"A small creek, which drained the swamp up around Nicola Street" (see Corporal Turner's map, "Brickmakers Claim," 1862) "—a swamp on the hillside below the high ground between Robson and Davie Street—ran into the sea from a small ravine at the foot of Comox Street, but the loggers had drawn their water from a well at the back of where the Williams afterwards lived" (see elsewhere); "the water out of the swamp was not good; too brown.

"In 1890, just after my thirteenth birthday—I was born in August 1877—we were living in New Westminster. Mother was ill; the doctor recommended sea air; father was working. So one day I walked over from New Westminster and back again the same day, located the cottage, rented it from a Mr. Hudson who was batching there—holding it for the Simpsons who were afraid that the city might seize it, and so kept it occupied. Mr. Hudson wanted to get away; he was afterwards engineer on one of the earlier Cocos Island treasure hunts. We moved over immediately. I walked behind the wagon bringing the furniture; Mother died in the cottage the same year, 1890, and is buried in Mountain View. I vividly recall the little shack of a house at the entrance of the Cemetery; the pig sty at the rear, and the graves all around. We remained in the shack at English Bay two summers and three winters, and left to live at 717 Nicola Street in, I think it must have been 1894; it was in the spring. Simpsons had acquired the shack from the loggers, but were having trouble over the land, or some rights, and we occupied it for them while they were down east; held it, as it were."

Note: the meaning of this is not understood at this moment, but it may have some connection with some dispute in which the fact that John Morton, William Hailstone and Sam Brighthouse received a larger acreage (550) than 480 acres, that is, three preemptions of 160 acres each. Judge Howay has knowledge of some occurrence of interest in connection with West End. The three men had received the crown grant to *all land* between Burrard Street and Stanley Park in 1867.

THE FIRST BATHING PAVILION. ENGLISH BAY BATHING BEACH.

Mrs. Nye continues: "It was the Simpsons who built the *first* 'bathing pavilion' at English Bay, a little bit of a shanty of boards on end on the sand, with a tiny window and a board door, just as the painting shows it, and they made a small charge for its use. It was on the west side of the little sloping path, probably an early Indian trail up from the sand, and not more than a few feet from the present sloping path to the beach at the foot of Denman Street.

"Afterwards I built a smaller shed for the same purpose, a little more to the west. I picked up driftwood on the shore, bits of boards and shingles, and built it with my own hands. You see, we were rather hard pressed. Mother had been ill, very ill, and died; times were severe, and child as I was, I had learned to be resourceful. I used to charge five cents per person and ten cents per family to use my little shed, and made sufficient money that I bought a watch with it, and have the watch yet." (1932.) "Women and

children from the town used it to undress and dress in. The present bathhouse, the older one, the one to the west of Denman Street, now stands on exactly the site of my old bathing shed or shack.

“Just around the corner of the shack in which we lived, and at the rear, was a big flat stone, a big boulder with a flat top, and on it I used to cook. We were without a stove; it was hard to get a ‘rig’ (wagon) ‘to bring one out. You had to ‘dicker’ with a driver to get him to go out there from town; he did not want to go so far out in the woods on a bad trail. The big stone was a couple of feet high—that saved me from stooping—and it had a flat top and a sort of basin in the middle. I used to cook on it, Indian fashion.

“The two children shown in the painting, on the swing, are supposed to be my brother Horace and my sister Maud, and the big stone—it was a most enormous rock—we used to spread out our clothes to dry upon that, or climb up on the top for fun.”

OLD “JOE” FORTES. SEPARATE BATHING.

“Another big rock was on the shore about three hundred feet east of Denman Street, and was the dividing line between the men and the women’s bathing limits. We had separate bathing in those days, the women and children had west of the big rock, and the use of the two little bathhouses, and the men east of the big rock. Ha, ha, ha,” laughed Mrs. Nye, and tossed her head, “and any man who broke the rule had to watch out too. There was always some big men down at the beach, and if any men intruded past the big stone—into the women’s part—others would soon come and get him and give him a big swift kick. Old Joe Fortes, whose monument is now at English Bay, was bartender at the Sunnyside Hotel, and used to come down about once a week, and spend his afternoons off duty at the beach. At first, I presume he came for his own enjoyment, but he came regularly, and was so agreeable and pleasant that we began to expect and watch for his coming. Of course, he had no salary; he was just a great big black man; that was how Joe started at English Bay. If anything went wrong—any of the men intruded into the women’s part—there would be a great big halloo, and Joe would come along and haul the intruder back into the men’s part.

“In the other oil painting which you have had photographed—looking out towards Point Grey—the cottage is our shack at the foot of Denman Street, the smaller building is the logger’s old pigsty, which the Simpsons converted into a glass house before we went there; both were ‘raw’ sort of buildings.”

THE TRAIL THROUGH THE STUMPS (WEST END).

“When we went to town from English Bay we cut across country by a foot path, through the trees to about as far as Davie Street and then through the stumps of the clearing to about as far as Captain Mellon’s house, old Captain Mellon, examiner of Masters and Mates, who, with his wife, started the Art, Historical Society” (Vancouver City Museum), “was Chilean consul; Port Mellon is named after him; and lived at the corner of Nicola and Robson streets. The trail reached Nicola just south of Robson, on the west side of Nicola Street; I think it crossed Nelson Street just in front of, on the opposite corner of, the Nelson Street fire hall, and they say part of the old trail still” (1932) “crosses that corner on a vacant lot.

“There were really two trails, one better than the other.”

FOREST IN “WEST END” IN 1890.

“The land north of about Robson Street, between Nicola Street and the park, was in stumps in the fall of 1890 when we came; the forest between there and English Bay was cleared away by my relative Mr. Phillip Oben after we came. The eastern edge of the timbers was Nicola Street; they ran in a sinuous palisade from about Robson Street to the corner of Nicola and Davie in one direction, and to the entrance of Stanley Park in the other,” (see panorama of “West End in 1890,” also *Lost Lagoon, Early Vancouver*, Matthews, 1931) “in a rambling sort of way. There was some man, I think he worked in the telephone company, Farrell, may be Gordon Farrell, who lived in the stumps just about Robson Street; he lived there for years; in the woods they ran a one-plank sidewalk right into the woods, a block or more, to his house, for those days, quite large.”

FOREST FIRES IN THE WEST END.

“I have a very lucid recollection of the clearing away from Stanley Park up to nearly Nicola Street,” continued Mrs. Nye. “We watched them cutting the trees down; the men doing the clearing had their shack in the woods about 150 yards from us; near the well. Then, later, in the summer of 1892 I think—it

is hard to think back forty years—the slashing caught fire, and while the fire did no actual damage to Stanley Park, until it was under control people were very nervous, and we who were living there on English Bay beach got an awful fright. The people in the white house” (see below, and photograph) “moved out their furniture and placed it on a scow in English Bay. All Vancouver was there fighting or watching the fire; they had a tug boat pumping water. It seems that they fought that fire off and on for two weeks before it was finally put out, and Stanley Park saved; that was why they were fighting so strenuously.”

FIRST RESIDENCE AT ENGLISH BAY.

“The first residence on English Bay was built by Mr. McKee, and whilst we were living there. A little white cottage, it had a red roof, is shown in the painting on the left, was north of Beach Avenue and west of us. It has been moved I believe about 100 feet nearer Denman Street, turned around, altered, is now just west of Gilford Street, but still stands among the trees right straight across from the entrance to the English Bay pier. Capt. H.C. Ackroyd owns McKee’s old house now, I think. The Williams lived in it after McKee, and it was their furniture which was loaded onto the scow; they were Methodists, pious people, and Mrs. Williams was a good singer. They used to row over to the Indian Reserve” (Kitsilano now) “on Sunday, Mr. Williams would preach to the Indians at the village, and we used to sit on the beach at English Bay and listen to their singing; everything was so silent there then, and the sound of the Indian voices singing came across the water on a Sunday morning quite plainly and was beautiful to listen to. The Williams had three children, Claude, now inspector of water for the city, Alfred and Marianne. Mr. McKee’s son was injured some four or five years ago in an explosion which blew up a train near Nelson; some Doukhobors were killed in the explosion.

“In the panoramic photograph which you have of the West End, taken from Fairview, showing the two bridges, sometimes called ‘West End in 1890,’ you can see in the far distance, just at the entrance to Stanley Park at English Bay, a tiny cottage near the shore. That cottage was built by Mr. and Mrs. Smith—he was a clerk at the Hotel Vancouver—the second year we were there.”

LOST LAGOON (INDIAN NAME CHULWHAHULSH, “DRY PASSAGE.”)

“This photograph looks to me,” said Mrs. Nye, and “so it does to me,” interjected Capt. Nye, “like Coal Harbour, now part of Lost Lagoon. It was all forest between our English Bay shack and Coal Harbour in 1890; this is one of those shacks on the south shore of Coal Harbour, between Second Beach and the Stanley Park bridge; the old Stanley Park brewery afterwards stood there, on the hillside where these fir trees are.”

Note: the photograph is of a forest shore on the right, three cedar shake shacks conjoined, a man in sitting posture before them, two Hudson Bay blankets airing, and six Indian canoes midst the debris of trees on the water’s edge. In the original photo a faint outline of the mountains on the distant north shore absolutely identifies the exact location of the picture; it could not have been anywhere else. An inspection of the site on 19 February 1932 confirms the shoreline as the east side of Lost Lagoon between Robson and Georgia streets produced. J.S.M.

ST. ANDREW’S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. THE C.P.R. PARK. SEYMOUR CREEK. JERICO.

“These pictures of Old Vancouver. The St. Andrew’s Presbyterian Church at the corner of Richards and Georgia, built about April or May 1890, used to have two towers; one blew off, and they never replaced it. And this picture of the C.P.R. park in front of the Hotel Vancouver. I remember the Rev. W. Pedley, who helped to start the City Library, preaching in that park one Sunday, and saying, even in those days, that Canada would yet become the heart of the Empire, and that perhaps the Royal family would make their home in Canada.

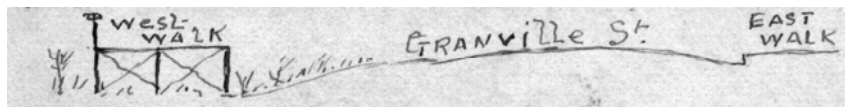
“The other photograph of a boating picnic scene on Seymour Creek, well, there was nowhere else to go; there were two alternatives, across the inlet or out to Jericho; usually we went to Jericho; there was nothing over where Stanley Park is now, and you got tired of going to the same place.”

CAPTAIN PERCY NYE. GRANVILLE STREET.

Captain Nye, still very active and at work every day in his public garage and service station, took up the conversation.

"I was walking up Granville Street one day, on the west side, just above Dunsmuir, and almost opposite the present lower entrance of the Hudson's Bay stores, just a few yards above Dunsmuir; I was walking up the plank sidewalk. In those days there was a plank sidewalk on both sides of Granville Street. The centre of the street had been filled in on one side only, the east side and the middle; on the west side it was a hollow six feet deep, littered with growing grass and weeds, you can see it in your photographs; the west side plank sidewalk on which I was passing was on stilts six feet high. I noticed something in white coming through the stumps and little trees and bushes across Howe Street way, and as we passed, a woman called, 'Is my boy under there?' The ground was wet and muskeggy, and the woman wanted to save her feet from getting wet, and so called over to us.

"At first I scarcely understood what she wanted, but when she explained I jumped down into the wet hollow beside the walk; it was easier to do that than to climb over the handrail on the other side of the plank walk, and underneath the sidewalk was a boy's little play shack, made out of boards, lined with newspapers, two bunks, some crusts of bread lying about, but no one was in it. I clambered back, and said, 'No, not there,' and then she came to the side of the walk and looked in herself, and remarked that he had been away from home too long, wondered where he had gone, and went on, 'I know he and the other boys come over to here to play "living here." All the land below Georgia Street, between Granville and Howe, and over towards Seymour Street too, was a wet hole at that time; full of skunk cabbage and that sort of thing. The boys had a regular playhouse under that old wooden sidewalk, a regular pirate's den, where they probably dreamed out all manner of heroics, sea fights, etc., etc., or," (quizzically) "ducked out from family chores. I often wonder what prominent citizen of Vancouver that boy grew into."



Item # EarlyVan_v2_116

EARLY STEAMERS, ETC.

"I came to Vancouver when I was 16, came via San Francisco. Charlie Nye, my brother, used to be street lamp lighter in New Westminster. We were down in Seattle during May and June 1889; the fire in Seattle was in June 1889. I was over in Victoria that day and when we got back the place was in smouldering ruins.

"For a long time I was steamboating around Vancouver. A vivid recollection is a trip up the north arm of the Fraser; there were three scow loads of potatoes to come to Vancouver; there were no aids to navigation on the north arm in those days, just a stick of cordwood anchored as a buoy. Captain Babbington, he was just a big fat kid then—afterwards he went to Prince Rupert in the early days and made a name for himself—he had a small tug, the *Agnes*; I was on the *Nagasaki*, built in Hong Kong" (or Japan), "formerly the property of A.G. Ferguson, well-known pioneer, who used her as a palatial steam yacht when he had her. Billy Evans, eldest brother of Walter F. Evans of the big music house, was engineer on the *Nagasaki*, and Nick Lister. We were going to steal a march on Captain Babbington, so went in on the evening tide. We touched bottom, pike-poled off again, touched again, backed off several times; finally we grounded at high tide, dark came, and when we got up in the morning we were without food. I tried to boil some potatoes by turning the steam pipe on them, but they cooked all to a pulp, and Billy Evans then took a row boat to get some grub from the ranchers, but we had little to eat for four days. The whole section below Eburne" (Marpole) "was very sparsely settled in the early nineties; just an expanse of wild nature. Two families of McClarys came along once in a sailboat, and preempted 150 acres of land where the golf course is—Mrs. McClary told me herself—they sold it for a golf course; they had been there fifty years."

JERRY'S COVE (JERICO).

"Jerry Rogers, brother to old Captain Rogers, he logged at Jerry's Cove, from which it got the name of Jericho; Captain Rogers, with whom I steamboated for three years, told me. His brothers were Jimmy and Billy; Percy Rogers skippered on the C.P.R. boats, and is a nephew."

NORTH VANCOUVER.

"Walter Collis planted the orchard at North Vancouver; he preempted it. Was working at Moodyville at the time."

(Note: this does not coincide with Duncan McDonald, pioneer of Moodyville of 1873, who said Tom Turner planted it. See elsewhere.)

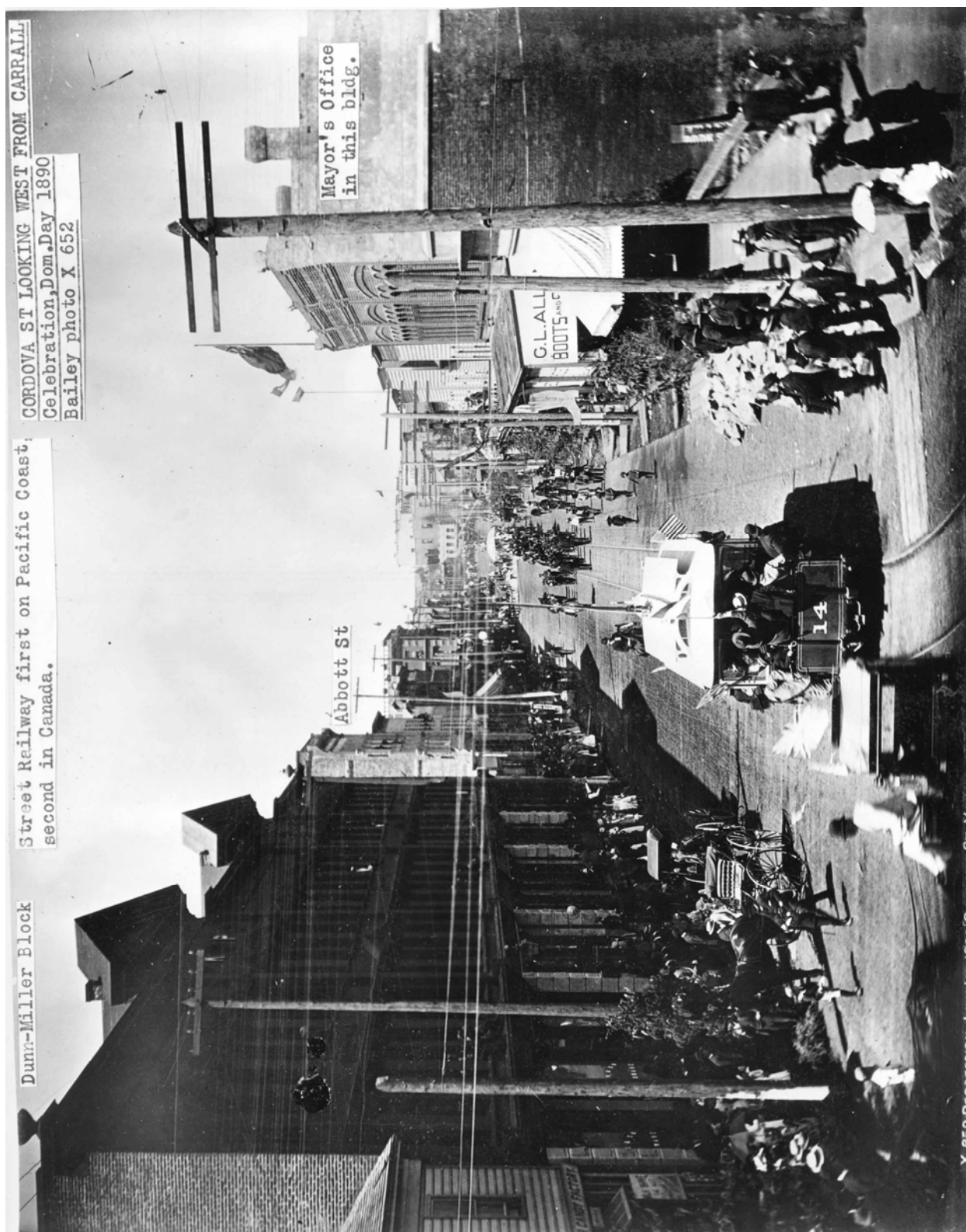
DEEP COVE, NORTH ARM, BURRARD INLET.

"You know Deep Cove, North Arm. I was there in 1890, on the south side, on the little flat. There was a man living there, don't know his name, he had worked since 1864 for the Moodyville Sawmill, had put in a flume to run their water power mill. He married a klootch, and was living with her at Deep Cove; there was three of his family's graves in the back yard there."

KITSILANO AND ENGLISH BAY. SMELT. POINT GREY ROAD.

"I remember one time," continued Captain Nye, "before Miss Mackey became my wife, we went for a ramble with Marrienne" (Mary Williams—Jesse Williams's daughter; he was first (?) labour member of Parliament) "out towards Dalgliesh's place on English Bay, right at Jericho, where the flying place is now. There was a nice little beach there, and the Chinamen, when they went fishing, used to catch smelt and sun dry them; raked the smelt out of the water with a garden rake; they came there to spawn."

"There was no Point Grey Road in those days; you had to take the beach. Before we got back the tide came in, and Mary would not let me carry her, but I took Mother" (his wife, Mrs. Nye) "on my back. Mary went ahead, and waded the sea, and as we turned a point, one of those little points, there in front of us was a Siwash, stark naked, down for a swim. Mary 'ran right into' him; we could not go up the bank—that was all bush—and I had to carry Mother past too. It was while Mother was living in the shack at English Bay beach that I got acquainted with her. They came from Port Arthur before they came from New Westminster."



Item # EarlyVan_v2_117



Item # EarlyVan_v2_118

This building stands on north half of Lots 40 and 41, in lane between Hastings and Pender St. Assessment value 1888. Building \$14,500. Land \$500. Owner: Electric Light Co.



The First Electric Light Power House in VANCOUVER, (as in Aug 1931)

Item # EarlyVan_v2_119



Vancouver Street Railway Co, 1889, looking north, corner Powell St and Westminster Ave. 40 lb rails.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_120

MOUNT PLEASANT. ROBSON AND TOWNS ESTATE.

"It was a man named Robson who preempted all the land around here—in the environs of Cambie Street—they told me he gave it up, but I never could understand how it came about that it was afterwards known as the Robson and Towns Estate. After we were married in 1897 I looked for a place for a home. I looked at a fifty foot lot on False Creek, right where Coghlan's office was," (J. Coghlan & Sons, who built the ships during the war, on False Creek) "where they had the great ship building plant during the war, and built ships as fast as they knew how, to replace those sunk; where the Western Bridge Co. is now. They wanted \$400 for it, \$400. Then I looked at a lot belonging to the Carter Bros. of the" (Lewis) "'Carter House,' but the land was so gol darned wet it was impossible. That whole section to the west of Westminster Avenue along the shore of False Creek and up as far as Dufferin Street was just one sopping morass, and lots of big stumps. There was one enormous stump in the middle of the lane between 4th and 5th avenues, between Columbia and Manitoba streets, it must have been five feet through. At the foot of Columbia Street was a great patch of wild rose bushes. The old logging camp barn was on Yukon Street.

"Finally in 1898 I bought the southwest corner of Columbia and 4th Avenue for \$250 and we moved over in 1899 and have been there since. Then I bought the inside lot of \$175 and paid Kerr Houlgate \$10 down. For a long time after we came over here to live at 2001 Columbia Street, they objected to the opening of the streets east of Cambie Street; did not want them cut through to Westminster Avenue; would raise their taxes. It was all bush at that time, second growth. I remember when the teamster brought the posts for our verandah, his wagon axle got under a stump, and we had to go and get him out. When they put through the 6th Avenue, the coloured" (painted) "house was found to be in the middle of the street."

(Note: in early days, building bylaws, building inspection and so on was most informal. One pioneer relates that when he went to the City Hall to obtain directions as to where to build his house, etc., a clerk told him to "build it facing the mountains." To this was due the fact that many houses were afterwards found, when surveys were made, to be on the street. W.D. Burdis's house was on Gilford Street when Gilford Street was cut through.)

FAIRVIEW. NORTH ARM ROAD (FRASER AVENUE).

"It was three Frenchmen who cleared off the land about Granville Street" (Centre Street) "and Third Avenue West. They had a camp on a little green spot at the end of the old Granville Street bridge" (to Third Avenue) "where the big maple tree was; it had been an old logging camp. Granville Street, as we call it now, had been widened from False Creek up to about Broadway, I think; it had been rolled and looked nice. Mr. Boyd of Boyd and Clendenning says that was in 1891; the sewers were put in in Vancouver in 1893; of course, there were trees on both sides. Fraser Avenue was the North Arm Road, not Centre Street, or Granville as we call it now."

THE FIRST STREET CAR.

"Carmichael, of the B.C. Electric Railway" *[NOTE ADDED LATER: Vancouver Electric Railway?]* "took the first five-cent fare in 1890. As the car came out of the barn, a man jumped on and gave him a five-cent piece. He kept it, and has it yet. It was Mr. Ray, afterwards reeve of South Vancouver, who put up the first car barn."

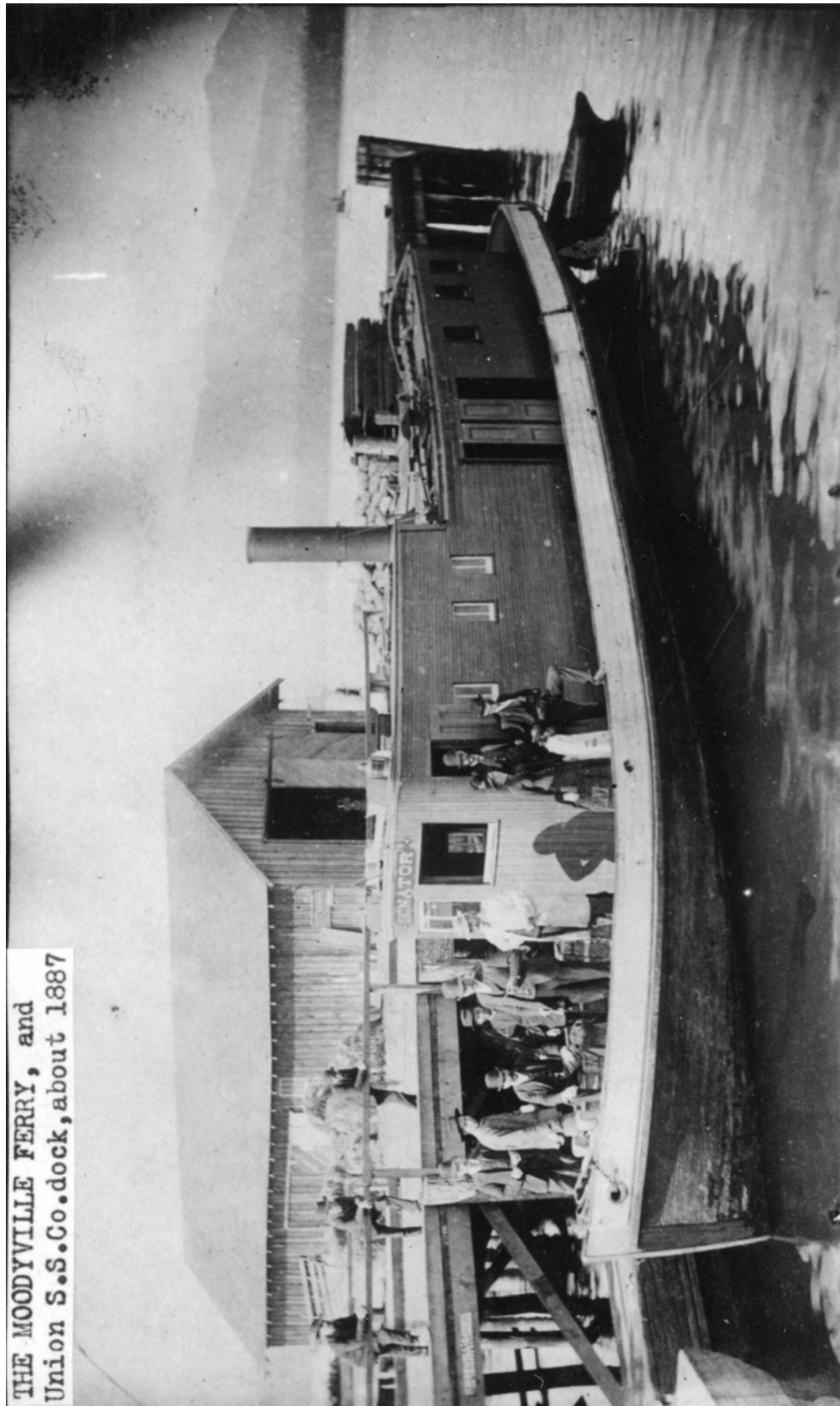
NORTH VANCOUVER, early '90s.
Few yards west of ferry landing
North Vancouver, a few yards west of Lonsdale Ave.



Item # EarlyVan_v2_121



Item # EarlyVan_v2_122



THE MOODYVILLE FERRY, and
Union S.S.Co.dock, about 1887

Item # EarlyVan_v2_123

EARLY BUTCHERS.

"John Garnier married my wife's sister Maud, the little girl on the swing in the English Bay" (1889) "painting my wife has. He used to deliver meat on horseback for McIntosh, the old time butcher, before Pat Burns." (P. Burns and Co. Ltd.) "Jack used to ride around on horseback with a basket of meat on his arms, resting it on his thigh. He was one of the old timers in Mount Pleasant."

THE UNION STEAMSHIP CO. OF B.C. THE CITY WHARF. CARRALL STREET.

"The Union Steamship Company started with the Senator, Leonora, Skidegate, and Cutch. Afterwards they got the Comox, Coquitlam, and Capilano; the Cutch came from Calcutta or Bombay. When the Cutch ran ashore that time," (see Geo. L. Allan) "and nearly climbed into Water Street, it was not down by the Sunnyside Hotel, but at about the foot of Abbott Street; I think 'Skidegate Johnson,' her captain at the time, is still living. The Bell-Irving-Patterson wharf was at the foot of Abbott Street, the Union Steamship Company's wharf at the foot of Carrall Street; the Moodyville Sawmill Co. had a lumber yard and wharf at the foot of Cambie Street. The old wharf at the foot of Carrall Street was known as the 'City Wharf'; it belonged to the city. What I think about the litigation with the C.P.R. about that City Wharf is that the C.P.R. just took it. It was on the Bell-Irving-Patterson wharf that Evans Coleman Evans got their first start; they used to land fish at the east end; that was where the New England Fish Co. got started. The Union Steamship Co. wharf at the foot of Carrall and the Bell-Irving wharf at the foot of Abbott shot out towards each other, sort of interlocked; it was a nasty place to make a boat landing."

THE ROBERT DUNSMUIR, TRIANGULAR SERVICE.

"You see, the old Robert Dunsmuir, the Rogers boat, used to run between Vancouver, Nanaimo, and New Westminster, pretty nearly every day; she had a regular schedule, one day direct from New Westminster down river to Nanaimo, next from New Westminster to Vancouver and then on to Nanaimo. The Union Steamship Co. put on the Cutch on the Nanaimo run, and then the Rogers, with the assistance of the Dunsmuirs, the coal owners of Nanaimo, built the City of Nanaimo and still later the old Joan was built. The City of Nanaimo's hull was built on the south side of False Creek, just west of the Cambie Street bridge, in the old Leamy and Kyle Mill yard, and then towed around to New Westminster to have her boilers put in."

As narrated (and corrected) by Captain and Mrs. Nye to Major Matthews.