Early Vancouver

Volume Two

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

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Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1932.

Supplemental to volume one collected in 1931.

About the 2011 Edition

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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

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Item # EarlyVan_v2_081

Item # EarlyVan_v2_082

ENTRANCE TO STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_084

GEORGE CARY.

George Cary, 1 March 1932, read to him and approved 9 March 1932.

BIG TREES.

"The biggest tree I ever saw in British Columbia was the big tree on Georgia Street; its measurement, for I measured it more than once, was fourteen feet four inches diameter across the widest part of the stump. The stump stood on what is now a theatre, the Strand Theatre, on Georgia Street, south side, east of the lane between Hastings and Seymour streets. The stump is probably there yet, unless it has been dug up; the streets were not laid out at that time, and it is hard to tell now, part of the stump *may* have been on Georgia Street; I'm not quite sure. When the tree fell it fell towards Granville Street, across the corner of the lot where the Hudson's Bay store now stands. If Mr. McCraney says it fell the other way, then Mr. McCraney is wrong." (Mr. W.H. Gallagher also states it fell towards Granville Street.)

"Part of the tree was subsequently cut up in sections and shipped to the Old Country, to some Jubilee, Queen Victoria's, exhibition; they might have sent some sections elsewhere, to the Toronto Exhibition; if they said they did, perhaps they did, I am not sure. During the clearing operations an attempt was made to burn the log, but it would not burn; the heart burned out for ten or twelve feet back, but the sap and bark would not burn. A great hole was burned in the centre of the stump. W.H. Gallagher has a photo of the burned out stump. J.W. Horne set up a 'real estate office' in the burned out butt; just a show place, had their photos taken; you know the photo, everyone does.

"I know nothing about any tree seventy-seven feet in circumference which I am supposed to have felled near Vancouver in August 1895, and which has been published in lumber journals, and made a boast of. I am prepared to assert that no such tree, twenty-five feet in diameter, ever grew in the Lynn Valley or anywhere else in B.C."

Query: Could it be that the bark was sixteen inches thick as it says here.

Answer: "Oh, yes, I have actually seen bark twelve inches thick."

"That man on the ladder is called George Cary, but it is not me. There are lots of 'Carey' in British Columbia, but not another 'Cary.' 'Cary' is Irish, old Huguenot. The tree looks to me like a redwood."

Note: the picture of this wonderful tree was published on page 1081 of the *Illustrated Canadian Forest Magazine* of October 1922, also the Vancouver *Province* of 2 November 1930, and the *Log of the Lab*, University of British Columbia, 31 May 1931, and has formed the subject of investigation by the Forestry Department of Victoria, and the Forest Products Laboratories of Canada, Point Grey. It was stated to be 417 feet high, 25 feet in diameter, and felled by George Cary "who is seen on the ladder" near Vancouver, in August 1895. Diligent search by several persons including the Forest officials of B.C. has never been able to establish anything authentic; it is generally discredited by old loggers who logged around Vancouver (see their remarks elsewhere).

SEE George Cary's denial of the
authenticity of this statement

Illustrated Canadian Forestry Magazine, October, 1922.

Plate reproduced by courtesy of the Western Lumberman.

This Fir Giant measured 417 ft. in height with a clear 300 ft to the first limb. At the butt it was 25 ft. through with bark 16 in. thick, its circumference being 77 ft.: 207 ft. from the ground its diameter was 9 ft. Felled near Vancouver in August '95 by George Cary, who is seen upon the ladder

Never grew in B.C.
L.S.W.

Item # EarlyVan_v2_085

PORT MOODY.

"I arrived in Victoria on the 4th of April 1884. They were selling Port Moody lots at that time; you know the C.P.R. had been completed from Port Moody to Yale then." (Note: the first through train from Port Moody to Yale was on Wednesday, 23 January 1884 – B.C. Directory, 1885.) "My brother and I bought a couple of lots and then concluded that we would go over to Port Moody and see them. I think it was on the old steamer *Irving* that we went over to New Westminster, and then went over to Port Moody by stage. The tide was out when we got to Port Moody, and when, from the top of the hill, we saw the tide out, and a half a mile of bare mud flats below us—we were both steamboat men—we said, 'Good Lord, this is no place for a terminus.'"

GRANVILLE.

"We got an old fellow to row us down here to Granville, and when we got to the Second Narrows the tide twirled and twisted the boat around. I said, 'There's going to be no terminus up there (Port Moody), the terminus is going to be down here.' So we put up at the Deighton Hotel."

SECOND BEACH. COAL HARBOUR. STANLEY PARK.

"I was born with a gun in my hand, so soon afterwards I went after some grouse. I started off for the woods around the head of Coal Harbour; west of the present entrance to Stanley Park, as being a more likely place than what is now known as the West End of Vancouver. There was no Lost Lagoon then; just water all the way from Granville to where you cut across to Second Beach, and plenty of salt grass in the shallow shore around the head, too. The first time I saw old Mr. Tippen, who died a year ago, was around what was then the head of Coal Harbour, now the west end of Lost Lagoon. He was splitting shingles; there were no shingle machines here in those days. There was a trail through from Coal Harbour to Second Beach, and a sort of landing there for logs where loggers rolled them into the salt chuck of English Bay. I sat on a big stone on the beach, lit my pipe, and had a smoke.

"It was a beautiful spot, and as silent as the mountain top; the only living thing which moved was my dog.

"I was 'after' grouse, so after a smoke, I concluded I would take a walk around the reserve, now Stanley Park. There was no trail around it then, so I called my dog, and started off into the woods. I kept pretty close to the shore; it's safer to keep close to the beach, and after I had gone a piece, the sound of a saw in the trees startled me. Sound carries a considerable distance in the trees. 'Funny,' I thought, to hear a saw, so I went over to investigate."

HAND SPLIT SHINGLES.

"Before long I located an old fellow with whiskers down to here"—and Mr. Cary drew his hand across his stomach. "The old chap did not seem particularly glad to see me, but I had a flask with me, and gave him a 'shot of soda water'; that eased things up a bit. I had my lunch with me, and he gave me a cup of tea. I said to him, 'what do you do here?' He looked at me sideways and replied, 'Making shingles.' Presently I started off on my tramp, but he called after me, 'Hold on,' and proceeded to direct me to a trail leading deeper into the woods, to somewhere about where the road runs, probably further in, and saying, 'That's where the grouse are.'"

COAL MINE IN STANLEY PARK.

"Then I noticed a shaft in the ground, perhaps twenty feet deep. He had a windlass over it, lowered a bucket down, pulled it up again, and lowered it down. I said, 'What's that?' He looked at me and said, 'Coal, didn't you see that vein of coal as you came by?' There was no sign of coal in the shaft; he was just sinking to where he expected it to be; prospector; he was after coal; the few shingles he made and sold got him some grub. The location was past a high place; where there is a lookout now, called Prospect Point; somewhere about there. I guess it has been there for centuries, on the Bluff.

"Oh, yes, it was hard work getting around the reserve, but the going was not as tough as I thought it would be; not as tough as I have done prospecting. You will always find an animal trail around such a place as Stanley Park; wild animals wander around the shore a lot, and that makes a sort of trail near it."

SAWMILL IN STANLEY PARK. CAPT. STAMP. BROCKTON POINT.

"I don't know just exactly just where Capt. Stamp did locate his first mill in Stanley Park, the one they afterwards moved to the Hastings Sawmill site, but I have always understood it was just inside Brockton Point; about between that point and Deadman's Island. I always had an idea that those shacks along the shore there were built for the sawmill people to use; they probably intended to get their water from Beaver Lake, I don't know."

POTLATCH IN STANLEY PARK IN THE '80S.

"Of course, there were Indians living over on the Narrows side of the government reserve; I was over there once at a potlatch; lots of tum tumming and dancing; did not seem to be many Indians there. I was over in the evening, and perhaps the women and children had gone back to 'the Mission' at North Vancouver; they were passing back and forth all the time."

CORDOVA STREET. COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL. MCLENNAN, MCFEELY AND CO. LTD.

"Cordova Street was not really stumped at the time of the fire in 1886. The lots were cleared from Water Street back to the alley—now Trounce Alley—beyond that all was bush. All was bush between Abbott and Cambie; not big trees but small trees and bushes. At the time of the fire, the frame of the old 'Cos,' the Cosmopolitan Hotel, northwest corner of Abbott and Cordova, was up, and a big heap of window frames and sashes lying in a pile in the street. The studding was not burned and was afterwards used. Mr. McFeely, afterwards McLennan, McFeely and Co. Ltd., he was an old town mate of mine from Lindsay, Ontario—his father had a little tin shop there in Lindsay, about two by six" (feet) "and he was lame. He could not get around on his feet very well, but, my, he was real clever at poker.

"Well, as I was saying, McLennan, McFeely's were going to start a tin shop; they had one of those hand presses; those machines which make galvanized iron guttering, etc., but after the fire they changed their minds and got up a lot of little stoves from Victoria. The studding of the little building they were erecting for a tin shop escaped the fire;" (see Geo. L. Schetky) "I think it was on the corner of Columbia and Powell streets. McFeely came to me and said, 'What shall we do?' I said, 'Get some corrugated iron.' So we covered the scantling with corrugated iron, and that was where and how McLennan, McFeely got their start."

JOHN DEVINE. CHINESE RIOTS.

"John Devine, father of H.T. Devine, built the store on Cordova Street which McLennan, McFeely afterwards occupied; I was the contractor. I don't know whatever became of their old tin shed; I suppose they used it for a warehouse. The Cordova Street building served them for many years; it had a lot of fancy iron work above it in the front; ornamentation; McLennan and McFeely put that on themselves. The Hudson's Bay was next door." (See H.P. McCraney and the start of the Vancouver Public Library.) "When they sent that bunch of hoodlums, those special police from Victoria at the time of the Chinese Riots, the police used to march up and down Cordova Street, and my fellows working on construction could not resist throwing the sawn off bits of blocks of wood at them as they passed. The sergeant came over and told me he would hold me responsible."

Item # EarlyVan_v2_086

Item # EarlyVan_v2_087

BEAR AND COON ON GRANVILLE STREET.

"The new Edinburgh Hotel was opened for the first time at 5 p.m. on Saturday, June 12th 1886, and burned down the next afternoon, Sunday, June 13th. It was while I was rebuilding it that a couple of fellows came to me about an enormous bear which was troubling them out Granville Street way; I had a bit of a reputation as a hunter and fisherman. They had a float house down on False Creek," (see photograph) "about where Robertson and Hackett's Sawmill is now; just at the north end of the Granville Street bridge. Anyway, the two fellows came after me, so I took my dog, and went down the C.P.R. right of way which was chopped out; you could not get around by Granville Street very well at that time, and what do you suppose I shot. Why, after walking 'clear around' all that distance, I shot the mammoth 'bear,' and" (disgustedly) "it was nothing more than a great big coon."

FALSE CREEK. L.A. HAMILTON.

"Just after the fire of 1886, L.A. Hamilton, the C.P.R. surveyor, and his sister, Miss Hamilton, went to live across False Creek in a shack built close to the water on the east side of where the Granville Street bridge is now." (Note: a little creek came down there.) "It was all trees over there then. I don't know whose shack it had been; it was close to the big maple tree." (See Capt. Nye's narrative.) "I think it was where the old bull puncher, John—I cannot think of his other name;" (Beatty or Beaty) "he married an Indian and had quite a family—had lived; she hung herself; False Creek had no bridge then, and I have rowed Miss Hamilton over several times. Of course, farther west on the shore was the Indian Reserve and the Indians. There were no houses in Vancouver after the fire, and the Hamiltons and everyone else were very glad to get any sort of shelter."

C.P.R. (KITSILANO) TRESTLE BRIDGE.

"Tom Allan had the contract to build the C.P.R. trestle bridge across False Creek. Just west of the trestle was his blacksmith's shop; he was making iron bolts and fastenings for the piles of the bridge, and an Indian was out shooting ducks or something, and the bullet ricocheted on the water and went through the blacksmith's arm. There was a lot of ducks on False Creek in those days."

SAM GREER.

"I had a couple of Sam Greer's lots over the bridge. I wanted to help Sam out, so I bought them, fifty or seventy-five dollars, and he gave me an agreement that if he won his case against the C.P.R. he would give a proper deed for them."

BLASTING AWAY THE STUMPS ON VICTORY SQUARE.

"Before the fire it was quite a sight; we used to go out on Water Street and watch it; you see they were blowing the stumps up on 'the hill,' up above Victory Square and beyond. There were men especially detailed for the blasting, and when the gang quit at noon the men were told to 'get out,' and then the powdermen would take their torches; they had cut their fuses to different lengths; each man to eight or ten fuses. Then each powderman would apply his torch to his longest fuse, and the man next to him do the same with the next set of eight or ten, and then each went on along until at last each powderman would reach the shortest fuse he had to light, and then they skipped out. It was quite a sight too, and sound, oh ho, just like a bombardment, and the roots skyrocketing."

THE GREAT FIRE STARTS.

"I don't know how many people lost their lives in the fire, but I do know that there were six or seven bodies collected down at the Royal City Planing Mills. Just before the fire burned Vancouver you could see nothing for smoke; the whole 'hill,' as we called it then, that is, above Cambie Street, was on fire for weeks before that; there had been talk that someday it would burn the town down; we expected some such thing would happen with all that C.P.R. slashings and the fires, but on that day you could see nothing for smoke, so I went down and told Jack Stewart, the chief of Police, that the men in the saloons had better come out and help to fight the fire. Jack replied nonchalantly, 'Oh, yes, that will be all right.' I was up by the corner of Cordova and Cambie streets, and we were doing the best we could, but at last it got across Cordova Street, but where the Sterling Hotel now is" (northeast corner of Cambie and Cordova) "where I was fighting it."

FLAMES REACH VANCOUVER.

"Chunks of flaming wood as big as my leg were flying clear over us through the air, and dropping into the town; I was there and saw them. J.J. Irwin owned that corner, and had a shack on the alley back of the corner. He said to me, 'Look after my wife and kids.' When I got down to his shack I turned around and saw that there was no time to lose. I told Mrs. Irwin to get ready to get out; she put her hat on, and got the little boy. It was my intention to take them east on Water Street, but when I got down there the whole place was ablaze, so I went to the shore at the foot of Cambie Street, where the C.P.R. were filling in and putting in piling. The C.P.R. had made a fill as far as Cambie Street.

"There were some fellows there on a float. I ran out in the water and threw my coat on the float, and shouted, 'I've got a woman and a child,' but they did not wait. The only hope lay behind that C.P.R. fill, so I told Mrs. Irwin to take the other child, and I waded out in the water up to my waist. There were some Chinamen on a raft, and the tide swung the raft near me. I called to them to come in, but they could not or would not, so I went out and grabbed it. One of them took a swipe at me with a piece of two by four, but it was short and did not hit me, and I got my two charges on the Chinaman's raft. Mrs. Irwin said something about throwing the child in the water; she said she would rather let it drown than burn; the flames were coming right over. Then a gallant little tug came right in and took us in tow, and we were soon out at the *Robert Ker*. I am sorry I never knew what tug that was; they were a gallant lot. And," continued Mr. Cary with just a touch of irony, "I did not notice any of those Chinamen on the *Robert Ker* afterwards. Capt. Sproule owned the *Robert Ker*." (Note: the tug was the little *Senator*.)

SPRATT'S ARK.

"That night I slept in Spratt's Ark," (oilery) "and the wind blew through the floor boards; I was cold, very cold. Afterwards, of course, money was no use; it would not buy anything. I tried to get some blankets from those distributing relief necessities, but there was none for me; they were all wanted for the women and children, I suppose. Someone has told me a good story about old John Clough, the jailer. After the fire he came in bearing loads of blankets on his shoulders; no one asked where he had got them. He got them out in the woods somewhere; some hinted that the old boy had 'pinched' them, and hid them out in the woods, and when the fire came he went out and brought them back again for the use of the distressed. Poor old John was real human."

REGINA HOTEL'S ESCAPE.

"The way the Regina Hotel on the southwest corner of Cambie and Cordova streets escaped was simply that it was out of the path of the fire. You see, the town went as far as Cambie Street only. The only building west of the Regina Hotel was the little shack the C.P.R. built; about the foot of Richards Street, where Kelly Douglas' is; where the first bank, the Bank of British Columbia, was afterwards. Scoullar's hardware store was not west of the Regina, but close to the Carter House; after the fire I got a couple of cups, tin cups, out of the debris of Scoullar's hardware store."

THE FIRST SODA WATER MANUFACTURER. THE CITY CHARTER.

"Faucet, the first manufacturer of soda water in Vancouver, was burned in the fire and his widow married J.J. Blake, the first city solicitor. I am pretty sure J.J. Blake drew up the first city charter; there was only J.J. Blake and Jack Boultbee who could do it."

CITY POLICE.

"The necessity for four city police on the police force before the fire was that although when Vancouver was first incorporated it was a very small town, it was a very lively town. Water Street was built up with saloons. The people from the east, especially from Winnipeg, were pouring in in droves." (See photo of police force in front of "City Hall" in tent.)

THE FAMOUS MAPLE TREE.

"About the old Maple Tree on Carrall Street. The sketch which you have of Granville in 1882 shows the famous tree with a slanting trunk, while the other picture, the photo of Granville "Before the Fire" shows the trunk perpendicular; both are correct; it depends on the angle from which the tree was viewed. I will tell you what I recall of the lean on that tree trunk.

"I used to stop at Tom Cyrs' Granville Hotel a few doors west of the Deighton Hotel, and had a front room, and also had a trained dog; he would do almost anything. The 'boys' used to throw paper up the old maple tree, and my dog would run up the tree and retrieve them. He had to make a little effort to get up, but 'he made it'—up the sloping trunk. It pleased the dog, and it amused the 'boys' on the corner. The old tree stood out in the street; that was how I could see it from my window. Of course, when they put up the monument they could not put it where the tree stood. Which reminds me about the deer."

WILD DEER ON WATER STREET.

"Up in the west end there was a buck and two does; they got so used to the men slashing that they became quite tame; they would come around, you could see them any day; everyone knew about them. Anyway, there was a boardwalk along Water Street, and my front room at Tom Cyrs' Granville Hotel was over that boardwalk; it looked out over Burrard Inlet. Many times at night I have heard those deer go by on that boardwalk, tap, tap, tap, as they walked along the boards. Harry Cole, he came up with Charles Doering, the early brewer, and was his first bartender; the darn fool, he went out and shot them, the whole three. They were up in the slashing around where the Roman Catholic Cathedral is, the Holy Rosary. I felt so sorry about it I felt like shooting him."

LANTERNS LIGHT CORDOVA STREET.

"Another little circumstance of those early days, hardly worth mentioning, but, right after the fire I was living in a little cottage, just a shack, on the rise of the hill in the alley between Hastings and Cordova Street; right back of Jonathan Miller's post office which was on Hastings Street between Hamilton and Homer. You know, there was no electric light, or gas, or anything of that sort, and at night, out of doors, everyone carried a lantern. We used to look down from our shack at the head of Cordova Street, and watch the lanterns bobbing, bobbing, bobbing in the darkness all up and down Cordova Street."

LIQUORICE ROOT.

"I'll tell you how to find liquorice root. Go to an old maple tree well covered with moss, and you may see a small fern growing out of the moss. Scrape the moss away and follow the root. You will find a long root, about as thick as your little finger, and with knuckles on it every inch or so. Chew that root; you will find it tastes like liquorice. Sometimes it grows on rocks, but it is not so sweet as when growing on a maple tree. A mixture of liquorice root, Oregon grape, and barberry bark is the finest kind of medicine. That was what the Indians used. I don't suppose there are many living now who can tell you about liquorice root."

THE FIRST TRAIL IN NORTH VANCOUVER. LONSDALE AVENUE.

"Atkins, of Atkins and McCraney, put in the first trail from Burrard Inlet back to the hills in North Vancouver. It started just about where the ferry landing is today. The real estate men wanted a trail, so I cut a rough footpath up the hill, in and out among the stumps. Pete Larson did not go over to North Vancouver for years after the fire. After the fire," (1886) "Peter Larson started in a tent, a big tent, then he ran the old Union Hotel on Abbott Street; he shipped sailors, on the sailing ships."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Important: see "Big Trees" file. See "Geo. H. Dawson" file.

THE BIGGEST TREE RECORDED IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, IN VICTORIA PARK, NORTH VANCOUVER.

"Atkins, of Atkins and McCraney, put the first trail from Burrard Inlet back of the hills; it started just about where the ferry landing is today." (Lonsdale Avenue.)

In a conversation at North Vancouver, 3 April 1941, Jack Mee, son of Charles Mee, pioneer, said "My father had the contract to remove that tree; he told me it stood right on Lonsdale Avenue, just above the Lower Keith Road, in Victoria Park, and that the roots of it almost filled Lonsdale Avenue from side to side; he burned out part of it after blowing as much as he could with stumping powder."

Geo. H. Dawson who surveyed North Vancouver in 1896 and was afterwards surveyor-general. See photo, C.V.P. Tr. 17 of enormous tree, with Mr. Dawson standing in the middle of it; a photo presented by his sister, Miss Dawson, Victoria.

HASTINGS PARK RACE TRACK.

"The first race track and stables at Hastings Park was built by Atkins and McCraney. The track had a slope on it then; it has been levelled since."

TREMONT HOTEL.

"The Tremont Hotel," (see photo of "Tremont," a wooden shack four days after fire) "why, the Tremont was I think the first brick building in Vancouver."

THE "PRINCESS LOUISE TREE." JOHN MCDOUGALL.

"The 'Princess Louise Tree' was right down there," (pointing) "at the foot of Columbia Street. John McDougall, Chinese McDougall, they called him after the Chinese Riots. He lives up at Quesnel, B.C. now, in a cabin."

GEORGE CARY.

"What brought me to Vancouver was this. Father was a fur trader in Ontario. When I was no more than fourteen I used to go with Father and put up at the fur camps in the inland lakes north of Toronto, Bull River, Burn River; I was clerking. The Hudson's Bay people controlled the fur market, but at that time, 1867, there were still one or two independent fur dealers. The fur dealers used to stake a trapper just as others would stake a prospector, and it was usually my job to travel around and see that the Indians and trappers were working. If they did not work you not only lost the grub stake but the 'ground' as well. The custom was that if a man held the ground for one year without interference it was his ground. The custom, too, was that if you found a trap on your ground, the first time you would spring it and hang it on a tree, the second time you would hang it and drop it on the ground, and if you found it the third time, you took it away in your canoe. That was the unwritten law, and I have heard a judge state so in court.

"I had a Chippewa Indian as a guide, but you bet each of us paddled our own canoe. We went away around the lakes from Lindsay, Ontario, crossed clean over up the headwaters of the Ottawa, were away six weeks or more, covered hundreds of miles paddling every day; we went once a year. George Skelton made me a birch bark canoe; it weighed just 27 pounds, paddles and all. Then Father wanted to make a doctor out of me, and I worked for a doctor for a while, then they thought architect, and I tried that, but could not stand the confinement. Finally in 1871, on the 9th [blank] the great fire in Chicago took place; you could see the glare in Toronto, and on the 13th I reached Chicago with fifty cents in my pocket, and hungry, got a meat pie for 10¢, and climbed seven storeys to a room; there were no elevators in those days. Chicago was burned for about four miles by two, and I helped to rebuild it. I was in Chicago in 1871 and 1872, then went to Mexico City, and in 1884 came up to Victoria, and over here in 1886. I was born in 1853. In the fall of 1886 I went to Port Moody to meet my wife; she died a year ago. My eldest son has been lost somewhere; probably in the north; a splendid fellow; we have not heard of him for eleven years. My second son Norman is at Hazelton, an electrical engineer, and has three children."

SEALING AND WEST COAST INDIANS.

"I once went out sealing, as hunter, on the sealing schooner *C.D. Rand*, Capt. Westerland, a Swede, and went up the West Coast. We had two white boats, three men in a boat, hunter, boat puller and steersman. We went to Ucluelet to get the Indian hunters. When engaging Indians, you had to pay in advance, $30, I think; it was to get them to put their canoes on. You cannot get Indians to move until they are ready; so we were there two or three weeks. We got ten canoes, twenty-one Indians and two klootchs; one of the klootchs was 'oposchman,' otherwise, 'steersman for a whiteman.' The Ucluelets were at that time sort of semi-civilized; about the toughest tribe on the coast. Any missionary, or anything of that sort, they simply threw out, but while we were there a young missionary came along, some foreigner, Swede or Norwegian, and wanted to hold a meeting. So he came over to us and asked us to go with him; he was a little afraid to go by himself. The old Frenchman had a store, and let him have that to hold his meeting in. He took as his text the Virgin Mary and the Immaculate Conception. An old klootch was sitting next to me; probably the 'boys' had given her a shot or two of booze; the missionary was explaining, when the old klootch shouted out, 'Halo, halo, halo, Mary halo tenas.' (No, no, no, very no, Mary drunk.)"

SEALING.

"That was the year they put the kibosh on the sealers. The British had about four, and the United States about a dozen patrol boats driving us off. Before we went out I felt that the sealing treaty was going to be enforced, and I told the captain to keep clear of any smoke; we had a fast schooner, and it was the eighth of May before they caught us. The treaty came into force while we were out, and the patrol boats cruised up and down sending the sealers in after they had sealed down everything tight. Once or twice they nearly caught us; once in a rainstorm; they came right down on us, but before they could come aboard and serve us with the notice that the treaty was in force they had lost us in the rainstorm, and it was two or three weeks before they found us again; in the meantime, we kept on sealing. The patrol boats required that the schooners head for port immediately they were sealed up, and also had to notify any other sealing schooners they came across that the treaty was in force. One time a schooner came near us and we went on board, and after a drink or two, left again, when the captain called after us that he had a paper for us that he had forgotten; we shouted to him that we would get it the next time we saw him; it was a notice to quit sealing that some patrol boat had given him to deliver to any sealing schooner he came across, but we did not want the notice and we never expected to see him again. Finally they got us, and we went to Wrangel to report. I left the schooner there, but the captain stayed, and on his way back to the south the Indians took charge of the schooner, mutinied, and finally landed in jail in Vancouver. They were a tough lot."

DUCK POND ON HOWE STREET

"I don't like to make statements about which I am not positive, but it was somewhere up about the Badminton Hotel at the corner of Howe Street and Dunsmuir Street that I have seen ducks in the swale, wild ducks, oh, yes; it was a low marshy place."

The above as narrated at the Imperial Hotel, and afterwards read to Mr. Cary and approved. 1932. JSM.

JERRY'S COVE, JERICHO. BIG TREES.

James McWhinney, 20 February 1932. "I think the way that Jericho came by its name was that in early days it was known as 'Jerry's Cove'; Jerry Rogers had a logging camp out on the Jericho golf course, at a little cove there which provided shelter from wind and sea."

Note: there were a number of "coves" on the shores of Burrard Inlet, for instance, Skunk Cove (Caulfield), Jerry's Cove (Jericho), Snug Cove and Deep Cove (Bowen Island), Deep Cove (North Arm, Burrard Inlet), Cedar Cove on Powell Street, Fisherman's Cove near Point Atkinson.

"I came to Moodyville in 1878," continued Mr. McWhinney, "via San Francisco, Portland, Victoria, New Westminster and Douglas Road; the stage line from New Westminster to Hastings was just a wagon with seats; three or four persons to a seat, and a couple of horses to draw it.

"Hastings Mill, Moodyville Mill, Granville and Hastings were all kept going by loggers and sailors; it was all foreign lumber shipments in those days; no local trade. There were a good many ships in, six or seven of them at a time, bound for Australia, China, etc.

"I was afterwards logging boss for the Moodyville Sawmill Co., Moodyville. I logged over here in Vancouver sometimes. There were two old Frenchmen over here making shingles; they shaved them—there were no shingle mills in the country then—and the same with cedar shakes.

"Ben Wilson, whose early store was on the street at the corner of Abbott and Water streets, ran a store in Moodyville first. He was single then. Afterwards he ran the hotel at Hastings. He was married not very long before he died, and Mrs. Ben Wilson ran the store in Granville. Old Mr. Gold of the Gold House had run a store over in Moodyville before he moved to Granville. John Robertson had a saloon close by Mr. Gold's on the beach at Granville. George Black had the butcher shop in Gastown; his slaughter house was just east of Westminster Avenue on the south shore of False Creek. He went up to Hastings afterwards, and after that went out of business, and had a ranch up at Coquitlam."